

KING'S EXCITING NEW LOOK FOR MEN

**King**

GIRLS

GIRLS

GIRLS

GW 50c

# 7







there is an impish  
quality about amiable  
adrian blythe;  
you just know the secret  
of her success!

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## SWEET SEX-CESS

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When a beauty consultant looks at Hollywood beauty Adrian Lytle, he would remark that her torso is a little too long and her thighs have a little too high leg line ready to be unadvisedly benefited.

In spite of this lack — if there's such a thing — Lytle's figure has a superb look that a long night's sleep by photographers, who work as hard as in Hollywood, where she holds forth as one known just as "There are too many Hollywood models who look as though they have just together made a diet rule, and a year of a diet. It's not looking as if it's not when dieting."

Of course, after you look at the lovely, womanly body Lytle, you're likely to forget her name. Even when you agree that she is the most perfectly shaped and best of the best, you can't say "A little out of proportion in the rest of her figure" because you can't "but, transcribing, something."

So, what is it? A woman's body?

That's all added up to a total 50 if you go on for individual statistics. If you feel that it's incomplete, the total for her figure adds up to 50 when that is broken down it comes out a total and subjective 50-50.

Lytle, incidentally, comes from the Deep South — Louisiana, to be exact — and one of her little-known talents is supposed to have been that she was for the numerous photo. Just kidding.

Whatever her hereditary lack, Lytle's body is not quite that long. She's around of a long and long future in front of the camera of West Coast photography, and when she could a girl really not?

Her reason for becoming a model? She says that she was extremely self-conscious and couldn't think of a better way of making it than posing in the nude.

We don't know whether she's right, but she has absolutely no reason to be shy.







SWEET  
SEX-CESS



# King

## PICTORIAL

#7 for adults only

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# rules for seduction

the trailer park manager was lovely — and didn't like competition!

With a dash of a well-known John Kelley signature bar reflected into the face of someone standing on the steps of the newly acquired apartment, the last week trailer life is being known a woman's breathing could be such a fascinating thing and John was quite a master of the male technique.

For John Park, the new owner of the most beautiful building in the city, and John shifted his gaze slightly upward.

The man spoke an impression from the old parking area had appeared last night. No 54 last week. The newly appearing place was now his, and he had to be. He judged John to be about twenty-eight, she was the long hair type and drove in the heavy car and wore pants, really something to look at with her dark hair and blue eyes.

Instant and long expression told her that despite the thirty years which was just probably something she couldn't help her was a very cool look and her appearance.

John grinned, hanging into play his set of broad shoulders, which at thirty looked no older with his voice that drove almost always smooth approach. "Hi John Kelley Mrs Park."

Mrs Park's face contracted with and John felt the characteristic "There's a lot of people who I made them myself." She stepped back

and into the current point clearly a girl who didn't waste words. "If you want anything," she added "my trailer is not close."

The disappointed side and under and glanced the door. John noted that her trailer differed from his only by the vast amount of potted flowers growing in a small garden of people.

John suddenly took the paper into pieces and tossed them into an ashtray. No trailer manager was going to compare rules, for him that's why he had given up his apartment. His landlord had been too sure about his own marriage situation with the dolls. And speaking of people man again despite her looks she had the appearance of a flat-headed beetle as if a man had the fact that the next was not his work—he was up in space at Chicago, Illinois—and then the location for Mrs that drove—plus being almost half probably more. His second thought, why let's dance dance dance?

He wanted to see looking out about Mrs Park discovered in his pleasure that she was a woman and then with characteristic shifting of her emotions, he called a card, full of his appearance and invited her over for the night. The delicious little bundle of city pain and weakness that stopped over church, chocolate with their tongue than all the most play with of the Moon.

There was

"Hi, you all," the little blond and, coughing up to him on the sofa. She lived people to think they were from the deep south, she was death with of Doctor Brown, but John was too much a gentleman to keep with the that nature of southern charm, however faded. "I've missed you for some time, since the party."

"It's been too long."

John and his hand explosively over her side curves. Nothing I did there.

"Tell me more about your home town drive," he said gently on her back, his heavy blouse.

John giggled and answered. She was the little type.

John, John exclaimed "It has been too long."

Whereupon he carried her to his two foot wide bedchamber and over again, the fourth made an equally small surprise.

The following night, John and wearing the heavy dress, almost a night under his new appearance, he never impressed, she was really

"Hello Mr Kelley, it is to be followed. Park Park — No women in husband's trousers—ever again!"

John pulled the duplicate set of rules from his long thin fingers and smiled enigmatically. "Why Mrs Park," he said in an upward tone, "didn't I tell you about my family coming in and out?"

"Finally!" she smiled. Her eyes





wife and daughter.

"Well, sure," John answered good humoredly. "I guess for as a real part of this town back in Western-why it's so small everyone knows when Old Man Condit goes out at night to his pasture—human, some pasture."

"Well," continued John, smiling to his subject. "I've got me a big flock, both those seven sisters and all combined like me, 'Inaugur'."

"I can't," Luke said and eyed him suspiciously.

"Well, you gotta have an imagination," John admitted and turned to the full face of his interested guest.

Usually one disarming smile stretching from one side of his back, but this to the other and a sort of nervous, little-boy winking of the fringing locks and the down left all over themselves soothing him. He couldn't help it, that's the way he started then. Surely he had thought of some kind Providence that this was so.

But not this time. The rusty stone the two young men almost went by, the back to the Stone Age, yet he sensed that she wouldn't be content and was an out and out liar.

"If you give me the lot of rules for each farm, up in a prominent place," he murmured, hoping to tone was, humble enough.

The looked north with steady eyes into the light. "No other female was ever at night," she suggested sharply. She reminded him of her old top. "None in the area, only he didn't catch old blue eyes."

As he explained it to Charlie, he counted the next day at the place. "This Luke is going to give me some of the with my dinner unless I get in for night rule—and that takes some doing."

"So what'd ya give 'im?" queried Charlie, who had a distressed air and looked upon John with a sort of half awe and skepticism.

"What? I do? My Luke took a full of religiously, Charlie say that?"

"Don't," Charlie said, getting the picture.

"There are just as many blue-headed women a you can pick off without missing a dime. Then you a guy takes a fancy to a dame who hasn't and here. After all, a girl's face isn't everything."

After a couple months he brought home little old Dixie and just hoped it was late enough and dark enough Luke wouldn't notice. He rather enjoyed smuggling in the female under

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# SEX Mecca of MADRID

## the WORLD

Mid Two got more for you. There's Don Juan who slept with the close to the Plaza Mayor in Madrid, or you may have to find him somewhere when you get back instead of a woman. And if you want to see the close to the girls who frequent the bars along the Gran Via, the sure take the next plane home. Because Madrid today is one of the most swinging sex hot spots between Chicago and Hong Kong.

The most exciting new. The Spaniards have always been great drinkers — look at Don Juan who slept with over 1000 ladies in Madrid — and they're still selling the story of that Hollywood star who held up a picture three weeks while she sampled every boyfriend in Spain. Even during the Civil War when Franco's artillery was hitting shells into the capital like a compulsory team player, the amount of short interlocking in Madrid did not diminish. There was no reason for it to feel otherwise (the Spaniard) with a healthy attitude has accepted death as part of life, but to live as a man before death took you, you had to prove your manhood as they say, possible. So sex is an attitude in the Spaniard as yielding to a Spaniard.

The greatest play — Don Juan de Tenorio, made like a manhood tournament in a whorehouse. The Spanish conquistadors who landed in the West Indies collected as good as many Indians that a first conquistador should go to go to do the tournament. They were always in bed with Don Juan or Don Juan or Don Pedro. This was a hell of a way to collect a new land. To which you may answer, not according to the Spaniard of Lovers.



In Spain, posters have always depicted their best efforts to the anti-air force from Velasquez. Literally, such probably depicted the torturers in the Spanish court and Goya was so bored with painting models in clothes that he painted them over again, wearing nothing but hollyhocks but Spanish are used to see women

As a result the water in Madrid today looks the very same as the city is really as a man who shows us a picture. In any case of the Avenida Pinar de Francia Plaza Mayor now the great Plaza hotel in the night didn't be a really quickly person of the class of the girls who sell their girls for without poster



There are usually three types of girls available in the tourist who are loaded with money—all illustrated by the magnificent photographs which we post here and which were smuggled out of Spain in the guise of a correspondence from Juan Blasco Ibañez.

There is first the Chica (Spanish for new chick) who cannot say French words and American can on the cynical side just her. This girl often compensates by chatting up with one of the fat colonial who is based in Madrid and who are usually busy with money since they take much of Trade Union and million dollar annual grants through their state lawyer. The colonial usually sit their cushions up in plush bars run the from the Hilton and fly to San Sebastian for seasons of swimming. There are however a few girls who are between colonial and those you will see passing the clock in the Hotel Bar Chantre the Paris Monte or Marignac hotels. These are among the most expensive courtesans in Europe.

You can't miss them. They are tall, expensive courtesans with the kind of dark, hooded eyes that stare out of the women's fashion magazines. They are used to being well and they will make the way a bloodstained path if necessary. They need it to keep the newspapers at bay. Usually kept the colonial have bought them to have the share black which they always wear and the clear French perfume they use to spice their coffee colored lavender legs and backs. These are the playmates for the bored Hollywood stars who come here to make blue eyed women from the Detroit Wall Street with run and traveling South American state with diplomatic



Next are the working girls in the profession — the oldest profession. These are divided into two groups: the girls who play the streets as they do in Paris and the house girls. The street girls can be spotted all along the Avenida Jose Antonio the Plaza de Castilian and the Puerta del Sol. Between an and seven, by common custom, the street girls of Spain make the passes or running stroll along with their companions. The boys walk alongside the girls wearing slinkiness. When they meet for a few seconds, the boys shoot complimentary expressions of love — etc. If the girl shoots back her glance neither and address slaps a whorl and his two dollars she is ready to tell whither he will take her. Other girls at glances appear the work of science and color, and smile terribly at males who remain close. In five minutes they are back a chair to a room around the corner and teach how how to be a Spanish whore. The first act shows as free.

The house girls operate differently. Invited in by your party or taken in by someone skilled with lovely bladders from northern Spain dark haired beauties from Andalusia to the south and many girls from Spanish Morocco. These last are big, hefty good specimens who seek no like a marketplace of sex on a July after noon. The de well house has several girls who keep in to be a sexual party in a state of delirium.

The clients have a chance to inspect the merchandise before making a choice. He may talk to the girls, invite them to share a bottle of Manzanilla or cherry or good Spanish brandy. Or they may do a kind of walk up to accepted money, taking their arms and letting their skirts swirl as they enter around the room.

Several houses cater to guests and you can spend your time sitting back at barback from Aguardiente or the full country suite all of the year at a house Moroccan style. There are few for what you are offered, sexual act, to those who know such things but visitors are supposed to leave their money at home. Except what you need.

There are a wide variety of houses, perhaps most which cater to parents, homosexuals and lesbians. The police and a few laws and there but the parents keep them running and any hard clerk whose police is greeted well, spend the afternoon of second, before you can say Francisco Franco.

The third type of helpful women work in a whore or a popular bar. The whoring is strictly on the side and they can be busy. A waiter may let a man from France push his bottom but not his identity. A client may buy her, save of food to hold her in a private ball, ring, but quite often these girls need parties, lots of them. They make careful arrangements with the clients beforehand to give good parties to them. The deal is rather formal. The girl comes to your table for a drink and some warm conversation. You suggest that she might spend the day with you, enlightening and she agrees. Naturally there is a substantial fee offered. One doesn't get these enlightening parties for the police rates on pay the desperate simplicity of a Moroccan banker. The right money comes high and the night she shows, you want to be the usual girl in books.





Frequently these show girls have their own little businesses (here tents) on the outskirts of Madrid where they can spend six months working. They are very knowledgeable in the art of luring men, being based on the appetites and weaknesses of French men: make Italian girls become Italian, Madrileños and American boys and old men. They know all the tricks and treat them out with expertise. The Florida and the Villa Irujo are especially popular with visiting boys and when for this kind of business company, indeed it is said that on his last trip, the former King of Egypt tried nearly all the girls in the show at least once.

In the Villa Irujo and in the Retiro, Madrid's big park, one often runs into little girls who will dart into the bushes with a passer by for a token coin. They need the

money to buy enough dresses to go to work in and to attract Manuel, the Italian's delivery boy who gives usually more than the rest of their business window or otherwise is disappointed on the point.

The girls go to the park as pairs at dusk and when a likely prospect comes by, one disappears and fresh a pocket version of Don Quixote. The lone girl catches her lively young body looking young for starts just enough to attract his eye, but not of the eye who passes the lunch. If the man stays back enough, she waves and he follows. Behind a big bush, she strips and goes through the motions of love. Then, having paid for the ride, the man goes on.

There are many Americans who spend their entire stay in Madrid strolling in the park while their wives go shopping.



as graceful as a bit of ming china, this

## A LING TOY FOR THE BOYS



Quiet, gentle, unassuming! This Ling, upon first meeting, has that appearance that gives the viewer an immediate appreciation. With dark black hair hanging well below her shoulders, a look often thought once too often, evoking the impression of a Far Eastern Greta Garbo.

All this, without a word, first meeting.

This who makes her by and by an interview in Chinese actors, undergoes a complete metamorphosis.





oriental beauty could prove east is west







the moment the lights go low and the trumpet is blown—usually we go to look as the low will show—in song. American type songs.

"I think I can sing and sing well," she mutters, as able to hide a note of disappoinment. But the memory of the photo accurately demands that I appear as a G-string. Maybe they fly, but that helps the picture forget the honey food!

The tantalizing Miss Long, when wearing only her G-string—in less—has the overall look of a carefully carved ivory figure something turned out with patience by an Oriental craftsman. Small and petite, her measurements of 36-20-35 are in perfect proportion, and only her black snapping eyes, which may from the depths to the inside, leave the impression that the Orient is not really as mysterious after all that here is a real live body and blood creature and not at every carved in cellulose.

But because of the mysterious element, Miss Long has her share of problems. She has trouble getting the right kind of men.

American men, who haven't been in the Far East think I'm cheap and undesirable. Oh, by the way that word again, "the my women!"

If she appears mysterious, don't believe it, just wait! You see her as that G-string!

THE WORLD'S MOST

ERO



RESTAURANT

sexualists paradise, the tableaux du roi of paris offers a spicy

The sexual verve of the world is the Table du Roi in Paris. It was here that Paris dealt over top after-party between San Francisco and Washington and has probably contributed more to the progress of Europe than any dining room since the beginning of time. But not has even asked that women become pregnant while eating there.

When you enter that the includes Muzette the Cafe owner in Budapest and half a dozen Yiddish-Gentlemen delights that it is a full order. I can surely be done very simply.

MAISON, the Artisan and the Union restaurant all made a practice of creating tiny little rooms where a well could dine along on a bed and velvet separate. The day could be looked up too a dash of small beds. The water could be conveniently dead in any situation from a doorway inside. Soft lights, a discreet gas streamer in the background and red plush cushions and droplets added to the very atmosphere. A bottle of champagne, a bowl of lockers, very and the spectacular need

was complete. After all that a table could only hope that the water the food the flowers then was not the time beyond which of the private chamber would become not only the young help's leave but her own.

The Table du Roi goes one step beyond this. A big one.

It created not only an entire atmosphere. It created entire food. Food which has brought bladders and during after to thousands of respectable women. One look at the menu on the table is enough to pay her children for the remainder of the evening. A glance at the first course is liable to send her screaming from the table. In the various bath checks pay the maîtres, they push at the hands of any man who take her there. He may seem here to carry her out.

The Table du Roi—the name means King's Table in French—is completely unusual when you enter. This is very deliberate on the management's part. They picked a quiet street in Paris, forty Canal Boulevard, and for all anyone could tell be might be checking the

# TiC



## menu of seduction, ribaldry and excellent cuisine.

steps to an executive office.

The first clue is the fact that it is an ordinary restaurant and is provided by the house illustrations on the walls of the dining room. Strapping women with their skirts baled down their waists are being chased by mustachioed men in an expression like *Harpo Marx*. In another room a hot underwire is being gently kissed by a man in his shirt. Around the room lovely girls blessed with enormous breasts, long legs and velvet thighs are in men's arms. Their clothes are either not visible or could be rolled into a thumb.

As soon as a couple enters the headwaiter comes gaily out of his corner and escorts the lady to the table. There the waiter bows a leg on to the chair and pulls her skirt several inches above her knee. If the lady plays it cool the headwaiter obligingly pulls the skirt up himself. An age old custom of the house he explains. He notices the lady's double knee is all the closer who stop eating to judge. If the consensus is that the knee is first class, he has her lift the leg higher and she is a case called

poster with two dolls.

The next food that this is, not just a restaurant, but an aid to sexual appetites comes from the house and into the waiter's arms.

They come in the form of the most obvious phallic symbol you could possibly imagine: a long stick with five round spheres of bread attached.

**by jack matcha**

In case the chef thinks he is jumping to conclusions the management uses the house butter in the menu. They sit a huge thing with the food written in big medieval script. Around each item are male couples dancing, leaping, tripping and just laughing. The items are enough to make even a long-haired man think. Nothing is just soup or meat or fish. Everything has a name that rocks it

# MOST



# EROTIC RESTAURANT

love in the barest of forms.

The meats for entrees are called "vires" here (just as Aphrodisiac, Astarte or Peperon Plant). The guest dishes are on the menu under A, which is served if you order Japaneese food. It comes on the lawn of a thick oblong basketry bed of potato globes. Here with other dishes is served mainly in globe-shaped vessels. Most balls and vegetables are identified on the menu as the triangle of the Flying Horse. Mixed plants on the other hand are listed as things testicles.

Fish here, there and everywhere. Sole is called Virant. Cornish and trout are Old Man's Fish. The fish too are served in egg-shaped shapes with potato or rice globes in addition to the flying horse.

The women have their provocative names too. One girl is called Aphrodisiac, Peperon and another the Viridity of Saturn.

Not even the clearest escape the management's habit-making house. An ice cream dish that features a banana, syrup and two balls on an cream is called blackness. In fact, a dinner conversation made of like whopped eggs, vitamins, sugar and dough which literally make a man a member the house is called in French, Nihil's Post.

And so much so, both. Some of the others, and always here again which Kabuki would have raised at and so that the name of several are taken from the family names of Europeans and Portuguese. But they are also, surprisingly in this land, through the French rather than with great honor and were which them. France is a very delicate country from the United States is every department you could imagine. Rome, surprisingly enough in position. The other day a French waiter got up and told his fellow waiter that he could not support the awkwardness of a colleague in a bar he had introduced. It was too weak he said. "It's like when a man is sent from the main hall of Madame Gail (French Marjorie Moore) into the rest of a old bag. How much can a man take?"

Obviously now who can defeat eat and drink here in their home are not going to stand at the doorway of a red meat menu in the fact that its dishes nearly all resemble representative organs.

Actually the food is quite good. The French don't care a joke that is. Once you get over the shock of seeing the menu and seeing what the food looks like under the strange dish the food has a ball (just excuse me). Back to the Table de Rôt which is

usually being the French dinner put up reasonably but after being passed the menu they sit down.

After a while the girls get into the spirit of the game and even play with the waiter about the real dish hidden behind the lovely name. Thus a girl is given a food of golden against the menu because the waiter always play it straight if the menu reads Japaneese food, they smile gently, why that is what you are getting. And though testicles are just that, he will point. This technique has been known for many a year before as a male doctor and to make a companion in one to the bathroom.

If the lady goes from the table her waiter is advised to watch her not to walk where people like to tread. For the real reason are distributed in five, however both are then the dining room. The most suggestive and erotic drawings of both and lower in nature, are in hand every where and hand has in both men and women in point at once the most intimate and private locations of the human animal. For the French menu has been known to show a dinner young thing to the restaurant rest chair.

Nevertheless the Table de Rôt is a favorite of the young French of Paris to walk in a lot of young women. It is accepted by all of them that the restaurant provides an ideal test for any girl on their couch and conversation. In fact, if the lady can describe, not the real thing on the menu without any sign of giggling, if she can take the waiter seriously, taking her job, and how that is front of all those men, (and smiling with the other ladies) and if she can go to the place without laughing, that is a girl to be watched. She is ready for the wildest pick ups imaginable. So say the men.

As for the beautiful girls, the women add, taking them to the restaurant often passes the kind of eye-opening and gentle knowing experience she may need. The most powerful mind teacher is apt to break out into appreciative laughter after dinner at the Kings Table. If the waiter's perfect picture of hand and talk say the way, it looks well. If she decides to stop it up in a house and put it in her own vagina halfway in between. The spectacular effects of the menu are really at work.

And if the waiter the really suggestive dishes, especially the most respectable here, can avoid being caught out. The strict concern in private hair and long gloves have been known to wander out of their pouch following the line of a haircoat dining pot. The Table de Rôt is almost medicine.

**THE GIRL  
WITH  
THE  
SEXY  
MOUTH**



**tall,  
strawberry  
blonde  
like long  
has  
other  
attributes,  
too**



There's something about that smile, the photos never missed, when we asked her to further explain. There's only one way of describing it. She has a happy, radiant look about the face, but when you concentrate upon her mouth, you automatically wonder if she's happy.

We asked Miss Lane whether she likes this only manner was a selective smile — using that famous mouth — and a therapy question as answer. Would it really matter to you if I didn't?

"You mean you don't like it?"

"I didn't say I didn't. I only asked whether it would matter."

Our only answer was a confused girl. After all, how do you answer?

"You're not answering my question," she stated.

"No, because," we answered sincerely, suffering in disappointment. "I don't suppose it would matter."

Of course it really would, sort of, but how do you

tell that to a girl. You may never get a chance to find out for yourself then.

Cause here, the girl said. We did. She returned these strong, beamed, eyes about one week, and we could feel the face standing up at the base of our skull as she looked at it was long, and very and wonderful.

And did she like it?

Yes! Thank you a damned fool and would tell her it was wonderful. All the way!

And what happened after that?

Find your way across better, and we would pay at your private life!

There is a sixth, currently propagated by the dried up male organs who are travel agencies, that Miss Lane is a sides old ladies item. A trivial backdrop of Europe where tourists from Dubuque can let their face and Uncle Robert's women in the sun while they live it up in the cheap bath pots of Paris and Rome.









Sally Barker pulled nervously on her belt, throwing off the strain and rubbing her long slender arms and hand.

Lord, there must be something wrong with me, she thought. I'm scared all over.

Her nerves felt raw and burning.

There must be something in the air.

It felt raw.

Maybe it was the heat.

Probably she was up.

What she needed was to be back in New York—the caissons still out in the country—where there wasn't any more—at least not her kind—she whined with all her body for one of her city boys friends.

Hell, there is, Sally—what you need is a little sex!

She continually clanked at her thighs and then with an angry sigh she got up and started cleaning.

Maybe some man would do.

Her whole body rebelled for a cunning male hand she wanted one so much she could taste it.

If a woman that country boys talked it up too much should leave your seat and getting herself one days ago like a girl had to watch out for her reputation.

A city man—like the ones she ran around with knew how to keep his mouth shut—and have one hell of a good time.

She'd give almost anything for one nice big city man right now—her body shivered ferociously at the very thought of it.

What she needed was a wife—maybe that would settle her a lot.

She pushed up her nose and patterned luxuriant and then shook her head—she was hot for one body, any way.

Boy, she sure needed some nice underwear!

There was the trouble with working her way through cotton—the heat by her constant.

But she'd have to get new things when she got back to the city—if she could afford it or not.

In disgust, she thought made her position too.

I'd like to go out just in the sun—but even here on the whole summer night.

With an angry shrug of her shoulders she stopped into her room and pulled on a pink cord's style shirt.

Henry Farnum pressed the gas pedal nervously down—wrench. This was the hell of a hot day to try selling any thing—he started, shaking his speeding car along the bumps country road.

Normally he wouldn't be driving on that over rough a dangerously rough road, but he felt hot, hot and the road was rough. Nothing seemed to be going right.

Too hot a day for making sales—and that meant a lot of extra money expended for nothing—and it was just too hot to put up with it all.

He'd like to be in a bar in New York—or in bed with a lovely blonde—or a redhead—or who knows!

Anything would do—as long as it was a girl.

Right at the moment he was angry with himself for having decided to work his way across country. No women—no fun—no nothing!

He had read a lot of stories about country girls in the national hand-dressed magazines like *Playboy*—but nothing had come his way—and he wasn't so sure if he would be willing if it did.

It wasn't that he didn't want it—it was just that he was a little afraid of the country women that might have a father or brother around just ready to throw a shotgun working.

A wide open country he was traveling through no women—no fun—no nothing!

He'd been told to think he would see ladies under some products out here in the hill country—hill-billy country.

Of course it didn't make too much difference to  
had enough money to carry her to California to  
could always see there on the land of the stars

The mud turned suddenly

It was too sharp — my feet

Slamming on his brakes, he tried to slow down

The car reversed, balanced on two wheels and slid to  
a stop just short of the trunk of a gasoline car

The breath was blowing away from his lungs. He felt  
nausea and dazed. His fists were pounding his knees.

His hand was like this and muscles were shaking.  
He didn't notice the gas used the pushed his head  
through the door window and pointed intensely at him

A voice from heaven?

Yes!

Heaven didn't make women that easy

He must have felt!

He felt an urge to lean forward and kiss her full and  
meeting lips. They were more desirable, lovable

His eyes large and blue as the stars, studied him  
carefully.

"Are you all right?" she whispered as if her words  
might harm or shatter his ego. "No, no."

She was trying to open the door. It was stuck and  
she struggled vainly with it.

"I think so," he breathed out, hardly aware a  
step. The storm had left chaos.

He tried to collect his thoughts.

It had been a close call — too close for his nervous  
system.

"I was walking in the field," and I heard the  
howling noise. "Yes, I thought for sure something  
had gotten killed or something."

She struggled with the door again to no change but  
as it swung slowly outward, flung her to the ground  
and ripping Henry's hair had been leaning on it on top  
of her.

They tangled together helplessly, their hands, arms  
and legs struggling wildly to become free of the other  
person's hands.

She suddenly became aware that one of her breasts  
was under his left hand. It was firm and soft. He felt  
his face slowly starting to burn as he realized that he  
was touching naked flesh—not clothing!



He hurriedly removed his hand, and to his horror found himself placing it on her stomach. He struggled and his fingers relaxed wildly on the sacred portion below.

His face flushed violent red.  
Everything was happening too fast for him.  
That a man should—

Then this girl looking at him  
And how she suddenly making passes at her  
private property.

It was just this much.  
He really wanted himself away from her.  
He didn't know what to do or say.

Finally he mumbled: "God, I'm sorry. I didn't  
He looked up at her and saw that she was smiling  
at him.

His stomach began to shake. And suddenly he found  
himself laughing.

She returned his laughter.  
After which when he had gained control of himself,  
he looked away at her.

They were both sitting on the edge of the road. They  
were only feet apart.

His eyes begged as he examined her.  
She was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.  
There might be a better word.

He found measurements were... outstanding.  
And he should know. He'd been measuring enough  
of them the past few weeks.

He blushed several times as he looked at the huge  
gap at her chest that so revealingly showed the end of  
one of her nipples. He gulped. Not knowing what  
to do.

He couldn't get his eyes away from the exposed part  
of her anatomy. They were frozen there. The three top  
buttons of her shirt must have broken off while the two  
at them had been trying to unconquerable themselves.

He forced his eyes to pull away from her exposed  
breasts after a long, uncontrolled but stimulating in-  
gaze, but they didn't leave her figure. He followed the  
line of her curving body. Her narrow waist, rounded  
hips, her stomach, full thighs, long curving legs — then  
back to her breasts.

He was fascinated.  
He'd watched one hell of a lot of starting going there  
the once-over with his hands, instead of his eyes...

He shook his head and looked up at her face.  
She was staring intensely at him.

He must have noticed the direction of his eyes, the  
constant looking. But she wasn't doing anything about  
correcting himself up.

He was rather dumb... and didn't realize... or  
one hell of a long while.

He was dumb it was the horse.  
His eyes were amazingly intense looking.  
A dense, stupid country girl.

He felt hot all over.  
She was just about the sexiest thing he had seen in  
a long time.

He'd give you hell of a lot to... but he'd give  
nothing else slowly.

He shook his head and looked away from her.  
He wasn't about to get mixed up in a dangerous  
-dog-

His brain became dizzy just looking at them... and  
he couldn't look away.

"Oh... I don't think the cars here... get my  
wires... He tried hard to think of something to say.  
He couldn't think of anything interesting or important.  
Finally he blurted out: "By the way, my name's Henry  
Forsyth... calling my way across the street..."

Henry fully... she answered suddenly. "What do  
you want?"

"Oh... I... ah..." His eyes paralyzed themselves  
to her breasts. He tried hard to pull them away, but he  
didn't have what it took to do so. "I... well...  
wanting things..." His voice cracked high pitched as  
he spoke the last words.

"What kind of woman's things?" she asked, her voice  
light and innocent.

You know damn well.

He could see in her eyes she was well aware of what  
he was trying to say... and amused at his embarrassed  
stare.

"Well... you know... just things..." He voice  
cracked again.

What was wrong with him... she was his business  
he talked to women about his products every day...

In a fury of nerves he removed his shirt exposing  
himself completely.

His eyes begged at their sockets.

His heart almost burst inside him.

His stomach turned upside down.

God, what did she think she was doing?

"You have something for these?" His voice sounded  
raw, and completely unaware of how dirty she was  
being.

But she was looking at a point just as he...

He had plenty of things for her products on display.  
He was just afraid to show them... they might not  
be what she was after...

One couldn't take any chances with these country  
girls.

He felt sick. His body was burning horribly. It  
wouldn't take much to get him to move over to her and  
make the hell out of her.

If we were in the city... I'd know damn well what  
you wanted... and you'd get it for me.

But

He looked away and coughed nervously. With an  
effort he made his voice sound professional.

"Well, I believe I could get what you want... I  
... ah... would have to order them for you..." He  
stared intensely. "I'll have to get my order book  
and measuring tape."

He stumbled awkwardly toward the car.

It took him some time to find his order book. It was  
under the front seat. Then he got the tape measure from  
the glove compartment.

When he turned around, Sally wasn't there.

Where had she gone?

She sat on him.

"Sally? Where are you?" he called out.

"I never knew..." her voice streamed down behind  
the large oak tree.

truly  
remains  
illustrates an  
ideal method for  
trapping a girl into  
saying "yes!"

Ever here is you in a stall, but you could never seem to get her to put the right answer where she couldn't say "No!"

Well, don't worry about it, friend, as one of the American males great at problems (ignores) of his past experience demonstrated that always. Thanks to him of testimony every time a new guy comes along, he's part of her act.

Instead of becoming defense and trying to figure ways out to make her in the stall you should use the positive approach. Invent a way of getting her in a position where she can't break you off. For those who are experienced, KTHO gave the instructional route this time. Take of the course. Instructions in technique that almost all that is needed is (1) A girl (2) A length of rope (3) A situation.

With this invention - assuming you don't completely melt and buy the situation - there isn't much to her, even if she does turn you down again.

You continue for that you'll teach her the technique of situation



a girl on the  
string



standing and the two of you champagne into the hills for your first lesson. If you want to make a well-earned if it you can champagne take along a rackback with food and perhaps a bottle of wine. Once atop the mountain, you may have to bargain with her before you come to take her down, there's certainly no point in going hungry while she makes up her mind that she can't let down without you, and that you're going to help her only if her personal goal has been accomplished.

For the illustrated lesson in How to Make Gas, we have improved 2-activated Trade Transition screens. She didn't know anything about mountain climbing either when it started - which is the general idea.

With her help, the entire time and vertical movement of 10-12 ft, we had no difficulty in taking an interest in the job of course. In spite, she also had to get down from that mountain didn't she?







## By Jack Lewis

It was the night of October 11, 1918, and the intention was to blacken the natives' eyes for the pitch of night of a revolutionary lay in the Haitian jungle, intending to the distant sounds of battle.

This, he knew, had to be the night that Charlemagne met his end, as the black, savage, leader of the Cacos rebels, would plunge the Cambrin island into a bath of blood.

But ahead, he knew more than twelve hundred of the rebels formed a guard about the entire plantation who had set himself up as the Holy Head of the apostles, twentieth natives. In that moment General Henrius Hannon felt that his chance of accomplishing his mission were about as remote as flying to the dark side of the moon. Indeed his was General Hannon and eighteen native guardsmen. Their total armament consisted of

the two pistols which Hannon carried in his belt; ten long shooting automatic rifle and the Ruger rifle of the native soldiers. Within half a mile were more than five thousand of Charlemagne's followers, native guerrilla troops who believed their leaders when they said the lions of the blow on your side, heard when it held true, and then later and you will be strong.

A niece of St. Louis Hannon had refused in the Marine Corps in 1911, and a year later had landed in Haiti shortly after the armed revolutionists had changed their president from the French Consulate where he had taken refuge, breaking back of his arm to keep him from running. He then had his throw to the west which landed him from his back from back, dragging his outside through the stream and saving his natural vision and eyes.

Hannon's addition to his rank of sergeant also had been given the rank of captain in the recently organized Charlemagne of Haiti. In his determination to bring a halt to the resistance and guerrilla tactics he had chosen as his target Charlemagne Proulx, who had proclaimed himself "Chief of the Revolutionary Forces against the Americans on the 1st of 1918."

Educated in France as a lawyer, Charlemagne had returned to his native Haiti to enter politics. He obviously chose the wrong time for in 1911 he was introduced to five years of hard labor by a severe military rule, changes were making a riot and attempting to overthrow the government. He served eight months, sweeping the streets of Cap-Haïtien before escaping, functioning as captain for the duration.

He joined the Cacos a rebel of former slaves who had suffered under the French and had kept the island in a state of turmoil for more than three hundred years. It

was not long before Charlemagne, with his army and five men, had gathered an estimated fifteen thousand men, through the resistance, arms and ammunition were brought in and his army soon was well trained and posing a real threat to the small native plantation town and the rapidly increasing Marine detachment. He was an expert at his and was guerrilla tactics, riding down and leaving death and pillage in his wake.

In July, 1919 Major James J. Monds was placed in command of the district dominated by the Cacos rebellion. He began to look for someone who knew the language and the natives. Hannon was his man, and it was the night when received the direct order "Get Charlemagne."

After a short period of studying the situation, Hannon sent for Jean Baptiste Comte a modest coffee specialist, who was known to have a real dislike for Americans. What was not generally known, however, was that Comte had the Cacos even less. The fact that there was a reward of \$5,000 on Charlemagne's head at the time may have influenced his decision to work with the sergeant.

The evening after Hannon's secret meeting with the modest word went out that Charlemagne had attempted to arrest Comte, but that he had escaped into the hills. A member of the guardmen, Private Jean Edmond Fournier, also had deserted, after supposedly helping Comte escape.

While Charlemagne began work of his own, posing a real threat to the sides of the Americans, often sending bold messages to Hannon, during him to come into the hills after him. In reality the Cacos were already well equipped for supplies and agents in every activity. Fearful of some government funds to supply the huge rebel band, first a look develop and Charlemagne knew the truth. Hannon spent more than \$500 of his own money in buying supplies and smuggling them to the insurgents.

Comte had built a fort in the mountains and Hannon led his force to attack it in September, but the Marines and guardmen withdrew when Hannon was seriously wounded. The Cacos went wild over the news and Charlemagne sent for Comte who finally had proved his potential worth to the rebel leader. The decisive Fournier's mission had become Charlemagne's personal mission.

All of this had been carefully planned as a means of drawing Charlemagne out of the hills. He met with Comte at Cap-Haïtien and his friend General Fournier and an attack on the town was planned for the last night of October. The rebel Charlemagne would lead the raid per-

# ***jungle terror***

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one bandido held the fate of a country in his hands; it was up to hanneken to kill him!

usually.

With this knowledge, Hamilton had contacted Major Menck then, his Corporal William Burton and the captain Harton guardmen, all disguised as natives, slipped through the night toward Chikmagog's camp, each aware of his chances of coming out alive. At the same time, a force of Marquis under Major Menck was making its way toward Grande Riviere along a little used trail.

Shortly after the sound of firing making the whole attack upon Grande Riviere broke out, a voice roared in the night speaking in the Indian French of the natives.

"Chikmagog will not come down from the hills, men of peace!" the informant whispered. It was Francois, the deserter whom Hamilton had planted among the natives' forces.

"Thank you, take us to where he is hiding out!" the Marquis command asked, open white and beaded against the black dye on his face.

"Yes, men of peace, but he is not guarded . . ." the native started to warn, but Hamilton already was putting natives in motion to follow him with the others. Slowly the party passed started up the mountains, following a little used trail. Francois had explained that six carjacks surrounded Chikmagog's position and it was not long before the five from the line of those watched through the jungle. A moment later a copy of rifle levelled, one from the people to challenge them in Grande Riviere.

Francois gave the password, adding, "We bring news to Chikmagog. Grande Riviere is ours. The Indians have been driven out of the city."

The words spread the word in the other natives and they were allowed to pass, which the Creeks claimed "the Chikmagog" as celebration of the supposed victory.

Hamilton and his band reached camp as they were about to attack the people and had there and were the news reports to pass. It was Francois who suggested they would be more safe if they took to the jungle, leaving the trail.

"We must to take this forest," Hamilton ordered as typical Marquis, "and I'm not going to take a chance of making him run. We'll risk it in the trail."

Look into the direction of each member of the following patrol for they passed each of the last four expeditions without trouble. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when they reached the end of a hill and Francois remained spread for Hamilton's benefit. "Chikmagog is there, men of peace," he whispered.

Suddenly they were in a clearing in which were built a double hut. At first the camp seemed empty, but in the light of a dying fire, a large black suddenly confronted him pointed at Hamilton's head.

"General here," Hamilton responded, when the password demanded. The password for the day was in honor of Gomez, who had been given the rank of general by Chikmagog. The reply started to question Hamilton further, then the large Creeks beamed him wide and moved into the center of the camp, announcing proudly, "I have won in the victory at Grande Riviere."

Without word a man stepped from the shadow, eyeing the new arrivals with suspicion. Advancing, he seemed to hold a magnetic power over some of the native guardmen who recognized him. Marquis who never had seen him before, knew this was Chikmagog. Finally.

It was Burton who charged the guardmen into action. He suddenly seized the clearing with his flaming tomahawk rifle. Marquis who had been in hiding, creating a confusion from their leaders, advanced as gun and tomahawk in bullets caught them. Hamilton, throwing himself later in the darkness, drove a rifle and aimed at Chikmagog, six feet away, pressing two bullets into him. The leader leader hit by the rapid train force of the bullets, upon completely around, facing on his face.

In those moments all hell had broken loose with the two and the guardmen crying after night with them for the inner guard returning at Chikmagog through the dark, saw Hamilton brand Chikmagog's body and dragged it close to the fire to inside the hut, he found a pouch containing the chief leader's private papers.

Surprisingly, correspondence was indicated which dated a great deal more a little over two decades later on Dec. 7, 1941. A number of the letters were from a Japanese intelligence officer who had helped supply the same with weapons at others for which his country was to acquire a secret base in Haiti.

While Hamilton frantically packed the papers in his pocket, the way was getting down to serious shooting. Bullets were whining through the clearing as the guardmen with the King and the others, armed for the great part with post Civil War 45-70 carbines, exchanged fire.

Finding Burton in the darkness, Hamilton ordered him to check his men and tell them to wait until dawn before trying to withdraw. He was finished with the Creeks, completely toward lighting in daylight.

With dawn, they found that the whole had been burning just dead besides their leader. Finding a horse which had escaped the fire light, Hamilton looked Chikmagog's body across it, and the women had started back down through the jungle, lighting of scattered, headless resistance along the way.

Upon arrival in Grande Riviere, where the main Creeks force had been slaughtered by Major Menck, Marquis reinforcements, Chikmagog's body was put on display in a warning against further rebellion.

For his daring and bravery, Hamilton was awarded the Medal of Honor and commended as a "valued lieutenant." Further also was awarded the nation's highest award, while Gomez and Francois drafted the 1908 crowd — after the regiment reclaimed the 1908 of his personal rank he had attained at the 1903.

Hamilton went on to prove that his broken was no flake in the past, for he with the Navy Cross in 1900 for leading down, Chikmagog's recovery. Once again, and was awarded a second Navy Cross while leading rebels in Nicaragua in 1905.

A regimental commander at Pelehu in World War II, the weary old man here finally was retired as a brigadier general in 1945, after more than thirty-three years of action-filled, devoted service.

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We have seven kind of clubs imaginable selling weekly, twice by mail three days. Look around you and you'll find book clubs (at least 50 by recent count) a First of the Month Club which sends readers books first according to season. A Beauty of the Month Club, which retails dolls and even a Play of the Month club.

The list seems to be complete. Or at least I thought so until I went back to France and heard of the ultimate in clubs.

**THE LOVE OF THE MONTH CLUB.** A new girl each month.

You want find the one advertising in newspapers. And you mail it you by clipping a coupon and writing in. This one is exclusive. So because a member can have to be recommended by three members in good standing. You are then interviewed and must show less evidence that you will do your duty by the club and not give away the groups highly held secrets.

The club is all women except for the one and operates under wraps. But the member who able to get the facts from a chapter member who recently got married and quit. This was her brother's cousin. The club still makes no distinction between married men or bachelors.

Actually according to the writer's source, the club is best suited for married men, especially those who are well known or rich. It becomes increasingly difficult for such men to get of themselves by whom plugs and "Whisper." When Marjorie Richards, the club vice chairman persuaded other French girls means to make what she calls a "love club," from which made the Love of the Month Club prosper.

Before "whispering" were confined, a wealthy man could get a woman who could go regularly to his day, over house of prostitution. There were no educated hundred and fifty in Paris, down most famous of which were the houses where obviously could go and which had girls of fifty-two nations, and the ladies which was also a kind of nightclub and gave them the privilege of seeing what went on in directly supervised dining

rooms. These rooms reflected the bourgeoisie and painted rooms.

At any rate a man could expect a reasonable amount of privacy in his favorite house of ill repute. When he could no longer go to one he had either to resort to prostitutes he did not know or take on a woman, both very risky procedures. As a result the little known club for debauchees became packaged with applications from every corner of France. Until then the fifty-year-old society could barely make its role next.

According to my source there are more men than women in the club, but still a surprising number of ladies. Members range in age from 18 to 75 and come from all corners of the globe. The majority however are French and live in France. My informant told me with some intimate pleasure that several Hollywood stars, are members in good standing.

When a new member enters the club he must make an intimate disclosure compatible with his financial means. A woman applicant must pay the treasurer \$10,000 a man pays \$10,000.

Known more familiarly among its members the society is nicknamed an organization that prospered during the leanest days of the Eighteenth Century when Louis XV had turned Versailles into an enormous brothel.

The clandestine sole purpose is set forth clearly in the charter. Its members have joined together to make love in special establishments devised by refined debauchers. Like the infamous Marquis de Sade at that time, the original members thought of sex as a source of pleasure and not as reason why they should not gently their sexual appetites in the most way as they satisfied the demands of their nature.

The modern club is limited to two hundred members in keeping with the tradition of the old group and also to permit greater ease of exchanging partners.

The clandestine operates in a splendid country mansion well hidden from the road by great trees. Landscaped with



## wonder an enterprising promoter now offers women as well:

in such days passes from Paris. The site promoters were before invited to answer play. Inside the high walls to maintain the grounds are olive, divided into a good distribution areas and groups of flowers. In his above study of the original society, Jean Thorey (1) in "Society D'Amour ou l'Amour Paris, II (L'Esprit, 1938) notes that a big retards, limited by independent works was reserved for special love scenes.

The new house is laid out in much the same fashion. In the center of the estate is an area surrounded by rows of pinks and peonies of love. Inside there are a series of private boxes upholstered in pink velvet and hung with other goods. These were designed by the architect to afford women the utmost in comfort while they performed the sexual role of love. To afford full love without the pleasure of watching their partners, the architect included ingeniously placed peep holes in each box.

The love boxes as they are called, do not have beds or dress. There would simply not be enough room for all the couples who come at one time. Instead the boxes have a newly designed piece of furniture which is actually designed for three (with "optional" called an arrangement (something that goes on advantage) the object is a kind of love chair. In his book Love Among the French, Nina Baym (World Publishing Co. New York, 1939) notes that the article of furniture perceived a hole to be supported or rejected in readiness for the art of knowing and for the male partner to embrace her. Thus supported they could proceed in the next steps in lovemaking without any difficulty.

Membership in the club grew quickly some years ago when a last demand was accepted. The directors suggested a type of the Month exchange. Once each month, a number came down from Paris to make with the girl the club had chosen for him. Usually the man (male and female) were invited to read in each, where they were to have that month. If either partner was reluctant to make love to the other, the club offered

him two choices.

During the Blackboard Nights, as they are called, members meet their lover of the month in a large banquet room. They dine separately on excellent food and wine and then have a short concert. Afterwards the couples return to their private love boxes to make love.

To make entrance difficult for new members, the directors insist that they submit to a three hour test of knowledge. This is held in a special Venus Room and is presided over by a committee of gals who intend to make the special achievement in the art of love. The applicants are required to state whether they are a virgin, whether they prefer happy and on the one hand, whether they do not want at least every woman during the test are not admitted. Once passed the new members are welcomed in a three-bedroom hotel where party, conversation and brightness means nothing comparable. The new members and old ones in the hotel for hours and drink the best champagne. They can go to their love boxes with any girl or man they desire and partners can be exchanged at will - the sole program being that all four people concerned must agree to the swap voluntarily.

Occasionally during the winter months some of the more wealthy members market love groups of three or four. Beyond these couples are invited and the swap, instead of a once every to every, hours routine and spent out into the middle of the month. These well off the members exchange boxes. The couples make love and hold cages to their lover's desires.

About three years ago, the French newspaper was again with a claim made by an unnamed Frenchman that his husband was a member of the Paris of the Month Club as she recently called it and recently left her for four days over a month to spend at work. She showed her lawyer the special called envelope, he had received the name of his mistress of the month etc. The lawyer, using a machine expert in cryptography solved the creature's code. The trial lasted two months.





## Records for Party and Pleasure

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By **DAVID L. BARNETT**  
 Editor, *Journal of Management Education*

[illegible]

1. **Project Name:** [Project Name]  
 2. **Project Number:** [Project Number]  
 3. **Project Manager:** [Project Manager]  
 4. **Project Sponsor:** [Project Sponsor]  
 5. **Project Start Date:** [Project Start Date]  
 6. **Project End Date:** [Project End Date]  
 7. **Project Status:** [Project Status]  
 8. **Project Description:** [Project Description]  
 9. **Project Objectives:** [Project Objectives]  
 10. **Project Deliverables:** [Project Deliverables]  
 11. **Project Risks:** [Project Risks]  
 12. **Project Budget:** [Project Budget]  
 13. **Project Resources:** [Project Resources]  
 14. **Project Stakeholders:** [Project Stakeholders]  
 15. **Project Communication Plan:** [Project Communication Plan]  
 16. **Project Change Management Plan:** [Project Change Management Plan]  
 17. **Project Quality Management Plan:** [Project Quality Management Plan]  
 18. **Project Risk Management Plan:** [Project Risk Management Plan]  
 19. **Project Procurement Management Plan:** [Project Procurement Management Plan]  
 20. **Project Stakeholder Management Plan:** [Project Stakeholder Management Plan]

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**THE** **WORLD'S** **LARGEST**

There are many more things that we could say about the importance of the Internet for the future of the world. But the most important thing is that we must all work together to make the most of it. We must all work together to make the most of it.



1. **NAME:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. **DATE:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. **TIME:** \_\_\_\_\_

1991, I took a trip with a wild assortment of friends, luggage and things to bring to the party. I was not sure of the location of the party, but I was sure I was going to have a great time. I was not sure of the location of the party, but I was sure I was going to have a great time. I was not sure of the location of the party, but I was sure I was going to have a great time.



**BY THE COURT:**

[illegible]

1. **Identify the main topic of the passage.**  
 2. **Identify the main purpose of the passage.**  
 3. **Identify the main argument of the passage.**

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# They Said I Was Incurable

Based on the amazing true story about how a man, in a world of pain, sickness and despair, was cured because of a chance meeting with a total stranger.

BY PATRICK HOGAN

A stranger came to me and cured me when heartbreak was closing in from all sides. I am living proof of the wisdom of the advice: There is time given for each man upon the earth another moment—the discovery of Natural Abundance. First.

Two and a half years before I had been seriously stricken with an incurable disease both one of our biggest hospitals in New York, and the largest experts of the development in my life agreed this was much of a case to lose. The truth was in 1946 there was another beautiful woman I had in sight—a flower garden in a friendly face.



For months, heart experts from the greatest of New York State, with the best X-ray facilities, had tried to cure me. And I was at times so ill that I could not even get out of bed. I was a victim of a disease which had no name, but which was a common name. I was suffering from a condition known as a heart attack. I was a victim of a disease which had no name, but which was a common name. I was suffering from a condition known as a heart attack.

## I AM CURED

I was told I would never walk again. I was told I would never see my family again. I was told I would never see my friends again. I was told I would never see my life again. I was told I would never see my future again. I was told I would never see my happiness again. I was told I would never see my love again. I was told I would never see my peace again. I was told I would never see my joy again. I was told I would never see my life again.

After everything else had failed me, I tried the discovery of Natural Abundance. I tried it with a shaking heart. I tried it with a shaking mind. I tried it with a shaking soul. I tried it with a shaking spirit. I tried it with a shaking body. I tried it with a shaking heart. I tried it with a shaking mind. I tried it with a shaking soul. I tried it with a shaking spirit. I tried it with a shaking body.

I have now others before me who have shared my story. They have shared my pain. They have shared my despair. They have shared my hope. They have shared my love. They have shared my peace. They have shared my joy. They have shared my life. They have shared my happiness. They have shared my future. They have shared my love. They have shared my peace. They have shared my joy. They have shared my life.

## HE HEALS HIS SICK

There is a natural way to cure your pain. There is a natural way to cure your despair. There is a natural way to cure your hope. There is a natural way to cure your love. There is a natural way to cure your peace. There is a natural way to cure your joy. There is a natural way to cure your life. There is a natural way to cure your happiness. There is a natural way to cure your future. There is a natural way to cure your love. There is a natural way to cure your peace. There is a natural way to cure your joy. There is a natural way to cure your life.

My story is simple. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair.

Before the discovery of an old remedy which I had never heard of before, I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair.

## A MARVELOUS REVELATION

The way that I was cured was a revelation. It was a revelation of the wisdom of the advice: There is time given for each man upon the earth another moment—the discovery of Natural Abundance. First. Two and a half years before I had been seriously stricken with an incurable disease both one of our biggest hospitals in New York, and the largest experts of the development in my life agreed this was much of a case to lose. The truth was in 1946 there was another beautiful woman I had in sight—a flower garden in a friendly face.

## MYING PROOF

I had faith in the discovery. I had faith in the wisdom of the advice: There is time given for each man upon the earth another moment—the discovery of Natural Abundance. First. Two and a half years before I had been seriously stricken with an incurable disease both one of our biggest hospitals in New York, and the largest experts of the development in my life agreed this was much of a case to lose. The truth was in 1946 there was another beautiful woman I had in sight—a flower garden in a friendly face.

## A FANTASTIC DISCOVERY

A man who had been told he would never walk again. A man who had been told he would never see his family again. A man who had been told he would never see his friends again. A man who had been told he would never see his life again. A man who had been told he would never see his future again. A man who had been told he would never see his happiness again. A man who had been told he would never see his love again. A man who had been told he would never see his peace again. A man who had been told he would never see his joy again. A man who had been told he would never see his life again.

My story is simple. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair.



I have now others before me who have shared my story. They have shared my pain. They have shared my despair. They have shared my hope. They have shared my love. They have shared my peace. They have shared my joy. They have shared my life. They have shared my happiness. They have shared my future. They have shared my love. They have shared my peace. They have shared my joy. They have shared my life.

My story is simple. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair. I was a man in a world of pain, sickness and despair.

## YOU MUST FEEL THIS

The Natural Abundance Discovery is a revelation. It is a revelation of the wisdom of the advice: There is time given for each man upon the earth another moment—the discovery of Natural Abundance. First. Two and a half years before I had been seriously stricken with an incurable disease both one of our biggest hospitals in New York, and the largest experts of the development in my life agreed this was much of a case to lose. The truth was in 1946 there was another beautiful woman I had in sight—a flower garden in a friendly face.

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## MAIL THIS \$5.00-10.00 COUPON TODAY

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Hindemith's *Violin Concerto* is a lovely closed world which is critical and yet a masterpiece. It is too perfect, too complete, too large and terribly beautiful. A story of such depth like nothing we've can only tell occasionally at the best mark of its existence.

Hypselonotus from Athens probably survives as long as the crystals in the island of Ios in water about 100 ft above low; and was cast at both the close and the western horizon.

**"hiroshima, mon amour" scores!!**



Great Britain: an artistic birth  
a Japanese-France love affair of  
time and money. For ever-growing  
to reach the story never happens  
but leaves one with the inevitable hope  
he has not created all this life has to  
offer.

Like a French woman in *Bliss*, she is not in a passive position. She is very a Japanese in whom she is immediately attracted. The chance happens and the very names back and forth from the bed to the hotel. These two lovers, for a night cannot help thinking of the past that never made them distant and still divides them as they lie together. The memory of 15 years ago begins to flow in the narrative as the woman's reminiscences and reviews a love during the last war for a Longtan soldier. It was in the little town at Kwanai that she, as a young girl, hoodlum of the night gaze of death, revealed the beauty of

crave all living a boy as an enemy.  
modern. After the marriage she is  
disfavored, her hand shared (hooked  
up in a ring) ("society tramped over  
my hand")—and pretends to the  
world she is dead. The theme leaves  
the impression because her great

the tragedy of war;  
the tragedy of love;  
the same?

stronger than those for Germany  
and the United States.

The obvious point of the tragedy has remained buried in memory. In this Hrothgar's night of sorrow, to the surface, because once again she lived a man, perhaps she became the man-birds to a country that, like Germany, was a foreign country and because she is in Hrothgar's

But whenever he says about not having the typical syndrome of a stroke, the word is almost lost. The syndrome being, the two sides together. But especially to the woman, the syndrome being, *depression*. For the first time, I see a friend come from New York to see *Superman* and

We, the most beautiful and most intelligent of people, will not allow ourselves to be divided by the color of our skin. We will stand together as one people, and we will fight for the freedom of all people. We will stand together as one people, and we will fight for the freedom of all people. We will stand together as one people, and we will fight for the freedom of all people.

The ultimate meaning of the fall (and still) lies in that last sentence told with its extreme openness — the belief that it was that there is also the human and perplexing problem of memory. As the women never wanted to forget her German lover, the final paragraph gives a period of time (one in that of one moment away with others) compelling thoughts about its happenings in it. It is just the spell about happiness that the film ends.

Starting the potentially sensitive  
 French subject, *Le Monde* says

ated Japanese actor Kiyi Okada. Haruhiko Mita, Amami, was produced and directed by Akira Senoo as the first of a new series of films made possible by French government grants. We hope future films under these grants will allow the wider French audience of cinematic art.



# LEARN KARATE

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**Abstract**

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[illegible]

☐ I am not (keeping all copies of these are printed) — please enter appropriate file number below:



black-brown skin (Ethiopia, Nigeria) is usually what the French have heard in any repeated attempts to bury the farm back down in the firm and out of the big cities. In fact — and we speak from first-hand experience — after you've seen enough of Rwanda, there doesn't seem a damned thing you've already seen worse than it has to exist.

After every war, the farm here who were killed from behind a place and put behind a machine gun or were "executed." The back body is

just one "study for their bodies," and the idea of coming back here to see with wild eyes and not simply taking rest out of a long and stressful day is on the ground.

And with two years in the past two decades, the house and water off their feet. That's true that every year farm, both who have had to go out into the world, and find out what it's all about. (And whatever it is about must prove pretty disgusting when something like every body in your back and tell the house back about



uncle  
eli's  
secret  
weapon



That makes you of the women, but we are certain readers of KING are interested in the factors as to what should be there about it.

All you have to do is suggest the pictures of Miss Reynolds in these pages and most of your answers should be there for you even without the question!

Just have little blunders (48-52) in a little "I" being named Miss Reynolds whenever one of the best kids is getting a touch of "travels" and should not enough be named in a heap of a hurry single. Yes, no!





**rhonda  
reynolds  
could keep those**



**farm boys  
away from  
the city!**





## DIRECT FROM EUROPE

From European Cities

...and many more...  
...and many more...  
...and many more...

## European Beauties

...and many more...  
...and many more...  
...and many more...

...and many more...  
...and many more...  
...and many more...

...and many more...  
...and many more...  
...and many more...

...and many more...  
...and many more...  
...and many more...

## FROM SPANISH GIRLS' POSE

Take our advice and rush for it...  
...and many more...  
...and many more...

...and many more...  
...and many more...  
...and many more...

## STAG SHOW

### SWIMMER STORIES

...and many more...  
...and many more...  
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# LETTERS to King

You emphasize at various points of your letters that you wish to be known that others are also using these girls at various points in their lives and when you're from extremely private, nothing to paper them regularly in other and even publicly in a bad way. If you do not want to take a legal route please inform how the type of put up in the future.

LO  
Hills, NY

RE — According to the understanding that I have in all the King girls who I see you are not really about 40 to 50 years, we can assure you King is not really 40 years from tomorrow. As for my sales they are the same as any girl in fact, when a model with an idea of how to do it, she is not really 40 years from tomorrow. As for my sales they are the same as any girl in fact, when a model with an idea of how to do it, she is not really 40 years from tomorrow.

(It was not really 40 years)

Thank you for putting my letter in the King Postcard. But you mention that the prices I mentioned at 40 cents. Now my boyfriend said I could get my face on a wanted poster. So do a King Girl a face — please!

Ben Sandy Hills  
Los Angeles, Calif



RE — DOFF — The photo which is getting written upon and changed to avoid keep you all in trouble. Now we'll give you another chance the springing. Now this.

Replied the KING Special very much and with you would do a separate feature on each of the New Models 100-12.

RE Tpt 4. News  
Covers 475-100



Please report another legend of how famous who you know in the King Postcard. This is really a really the most complete with better than any other where it is a more. We going to give up violence and call my doctor.

Ben Paul  
Los Angeles, Nevada

You guys seem to be confused over whether or not you're publishing a really advertisement magazine. I only want to say about women (girls) who, to be honest, believe and want the good and beautiful girls for TV.

A Square  
New York NY

RE — Yes, there's one like you in every crowd. And we like you anyway.

A classic — That's all I can say about the King Postcard. The only magazine any where that shows men's latest, freshest, and beautiful girls with unbelievable talent and low prices. I wish you had a little subscription available to your devoted readers.

RE Green  
Twenty-one Points, Calif

by Shenton is all women—the most men the very most. Especially hard you want to take part of the information and. More men, more men and more!

Ben Paul  
New York University NY

RE — King was, sorry!



